

hot as molten lead, & as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,  
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my  
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begd their  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What, standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword,  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreuegd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke  
Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this  
day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sute.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and lining to kill thee:  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not  
my sword; but take my pistol if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come  
in my way: so, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him  
make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir  
Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so; if not, hee  
nour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarms, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie, make vp,  
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will doe so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his

*West.* Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

*Prin.* Lead me, my Lord? I doe not need your helpe,  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,  
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

*Job.* We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,

Our duetic this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster.

I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother John,

But now, I doe respect thee, as my soule.

*King.* I saw him holde Lord Percy at the point,

With lustier maintenance then I did looke for

Of such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O, this boy lends metall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfetst the person of a king?

*King.* The king himself, who Douglas grieues at heart,

So many of his shadowes thou hast met

And not the very king: I haue two boyes

Seeke Percie and thy selfe about the field,

But seeing thou fallest on me so luckily,

I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfet,

And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king.

But mune, I am sure, thou art, who cr'et thou be:

And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits

Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:

It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,

Who neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while:

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Thou